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AND

## Weekly Register.

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*SATURDAY, OCTOBER* 6, 1804.

## THE HISTORY OF *Netterville:*

### A CHANCE PEDESTRIAN.

CHAPTER. XVII.

CLARA pressed Lady Newark's note again and again to her lips, and her heart; and having offered up a fervent prayer to the Omnipotent for the restoration of the invalid, and taken leave of her grandfather, she ordered the carriage, and while it was preparing, arrayed herself for her intended visit to Cavendish Square. Lady Newark received her with her accustomed friendship, and strove, by every art in her power, to banish from her thoughts every afflicting image; and to aid this purpose, she produced several manuscripts on celebrated Scotch legends, one of which, a ballad, I shall here present to my readers, as it has not yet been presented to the public.

*ELLEN OF IRVINE;*

OR,

THE MAID OF KIRKONNEL:

*A Ballad.*

DESPAIR lift thy voice in the hall of Kirkonnel,
Weep for Ellen of Irvine, now sunk in the tomb;
Despair strike the chord on the harp of Kirkonnel,
Come and weep for his lily—lament her sad doom.

Loud despair lift thy voice until echoes rebound,
Till the banks of the Kertle reply to the strain,
Till the plains of Carruther remurmur the sound,
Till the clan of Kirkonnel shall cease to complain.

Sad sounding a note from the hall of Kirkonnel,
Hear ye vales of Carruther, Glendonwin, and all;
Mourn Ellen of Irvine, the maid of Kirkonnel,
Mourn, together of Ellen and Flemming the fall!

Proud Kirkonnel! no more lift thy head to the skies!
For thy flow'ret is fall'n: inflicted by rage,
Deep the wound in her bosom!—Lo yonder she lies!—
Nought, O, clan of Kirkonnel! thy grief can assuage.

O, sweeter than lily, or shrub of the mountain,
Lovely Ellen of Irvine, now sunk in the grave!
As pure was her heart as yon stream at its fountain—
She rush'd on a dagger her lover to save.

Youthful suitors, attracted by beauty and love,
At the feet of fair Ellen of Irvine did sigh,
Fondly hoping the maiden with passion to move—
For their hearts leapt with transport when Ellen was by.

O, straight was the form of this fair one so blooming,
Liquid lustre did sparkle and dance in her eye,
Her breath, like the lily, all nature perfuming:
But transient and fading—she bloom'd but to die!

To the pipe of the minstrel (now broken, decay'd)
When with Ellen of Irvine he danc'd in the eve,
How delighted was Flemming—how pleas'd was the maid,
And how sweet was the rapture each breast did receive.

Unstrung is the harp, once the pride of Kirkonnel,
And forsaken the banks of the Kertle, so brave:
O, lost, lost for ever, the maid of Kirkonnel,
Who wander'd each day within sight of its wave!

On thy banks, O, lov'd Kertle, enchanted she stray'd
While her Flemming declar'd the fond transports of love;
With a smile of affection she grateful repaid,
With a glance quick of rapture his suit did approve.

Then thy banks, strew'd with flow'rets and shrubs ever gay,
Smil'd to see this sweet pair as they sat on the sward,
View'd with rapture their transports, their frolicsome play,
Sportive love, crown'd by Hymen, stood near to reward.

To the breast of her Flemming fond Ellen was press'd,
While his bosom conceal'd the confusion of love;
At their feet flow'd the Kertle, in charms ever dress'd,
While the voice of the linnet sung sweet from the grove.

When quick rush'd from a thicket, all foaming with wrath,
Like a lion attack'd, or a boar held at bay,
Base, remorseless, a lover discarded, burst forth,
With a dirk in his hand—mad, poor Flemming to slay.

Round the neck of her Flemming fond Ellen she clung,
From the rage of his rival determin'd to save;
Now, O, clan of Kirkonnel, thy sorrow begun—
Now fair Ellen of Irvine was hurl'd to the grave!

Low sunk in the dust was the pride of Kirkonnel;
The fond lover lamented his Ellen so dear;
While Kertle, enrag'd at the wound of Kirkonnel,
Mourn'd in murmurs this maiden the flow'r of the fair.

Deep the dirk of the monster her bosom bid wound,
Deep the groan of keen sorrow which burst from her heart,
Now, quick fainting with pain, she sunk down to the ground—
Life went out like a taper, as loath to depart.

One fond look of affection and anguish she cast
On poor Flemming, her lover—whose transports were o'er,
And one groan of deep sorrow, in silence, the lass,
This sweet lily then droop'd, to revive never more!

On the blast and the whirlwind pale witches appear;
Hollow screams, quick repeated by echo, are heard;
And, pausing, the lover in silence and fear
Sees the dance of the fairy, as printing the sward.

Blue flames up the mountains and battlements rear'd
Misty vapours upspring from the Kertle below,
While the voice and the harp, in sweet minstrelsy heard,
Tuned the dirge of poor Ellen most solemnly slow

Drizz'ly mists from the water uprise to the wing,
Louder roars angry Kertle, as thirsting for blood,
Ratt'ling snakes and fell adders revengefully spring,
Rushing forth from the shelter of thicket and wood.

Lo! yonder's the scene, that the hall of Kirkonnel,
Sadly silent, forsaken, the mansion of care—
Lo! yonder's a harp, once the harp of Kirkonnel,
Both his harp and his mansion possess'd by despair!

Wing'd with fury, young Flemming his dirk now uprose,
And the life of his rival the onset did rue,
Till outstretch'd on the sward his existence did close—
In vengeance for Ellen, both constant and true.

Flow on thou lov'd Kertle, in murmurs complain
For thy Ellen of Irvine; Kirkonnel, no more
Sadly sigh with her Flemming—who sorrow'd in vain
And oft kissed her white bosom, though clotted with gore.

Wildly clasping her clay-cold inanimate form
To his heart—late the seat both of rapture and joy:
Quick he fled from the spot, and embark'd in a storm,
As if wishing the waters his frame to destroy!
With the Spaniards he fought against infidel bold
In the wars of the cross—and oft conquest procur'd;
While each heart rose with ardour, his might to behold,
And pity'd the sorrows his bosom endur'd.

Crown'd with laurels of conquest, he home did return,
Crown'd with bays—O, sad Kertle! thy waters to view,
At the grave of his Ellen of Irvine to mourn,
And to take of thy banks an eternal adieu!

It was night ere he reach'd the spot where she lay—
When memory (with torture his mind to appal)
Retrac'd with deep anguish the morn of that day
When the Maid of Kirkonnel, sweet Irvine, did fall!

Low sounded the bell in the hall of Kirkonnel—
Near a willow the grave of poor Ellen was made;
Slow flitted the owl o'er the roofs of Kirkonnel;
And eve was in silence and darkness array'd.

Then a kerchief all steep'd in the gore of that breast,
Which once beat with affection both faithful and true,
And which often the ringlets of Ellen had dress'd—
Sad in sorrow he brought from his bosom to view.

To his lips in despair the lov'd relique he press'd,
And mourn'd his beloved, long sunk in the tomb;
Then her grave with his laurels of conquest he dress'd,
And outstretch'd on its surface, awaited his doom.

All that night the keen wind on his bosom did blow,
Each hour as it pass'd brought fresh whirlwind and storm,
While the fast falling rain, intermingled with snow,
Strove the charms of the Kertle in vain to deform.

Yet unheeded the tempest, unheeded the snow,
While his heart was beset with a whirlwind of care,
Soon outstretch'd on the grave of his Ellen in woe,
Sad he sunk, in the silence of death, from despair.

Thou fiend! lift thy voice in the hall of Kirkonnel,
Mourn for Ellen of Irvine, now sunk in the tomb!
Despair strike the chord on the harp of Kirkonnel,
Come and weep for his lily, lament her sad doom!

At night Clara returned home, and, with the permission of Lady Newark, brought the fair Blanche with her—who from that time became an inmate in the house of Mr. Nutcomb.

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### CHAPTER. XVIII.

IMMEDIATELY on her arrival at Margate, Miss Nugent stationed herself at the bedside of Lewisham, which no consideration of personal inconvenience could tempt her to quit, until he was pronounced out of danger, and here it was that the character of this lady shone in its original and native splendor; while forgetting, and even despising the constructions which a malevolent world might pass on her conduct, she performed for him, in person, all those kind offices of attention and friendship which the singularity of his situation had deprived him of a right to claim from any natural or relative connection, and for want of which a valuable member of the community might have been lost for ever. The generous feelings of her heart were an ample reward for these exertions of benevolence and charity; yet, independent of these sensations, she felt as if performing a last office of friendship to the choice of her youth—for was he not the *protegee* of Netterville? and was she not assured, that the kindred mind of Adeliza would gratefully approve her conduct?—Was it not also an act of charity and compassion due from her to her fellow-creature?—Yes it was, an act of charity towards man, and she humbly hoped it was an oblation which would be had in remembrance in the sight of God—perfectly satisfied with her own upright intentions, and the basis on which she had founded them, the opinion of little minds gave her no concern, yet she would have been gratified by the support and countenance of Lady Newark; but since this was not immediately to be obtained (for reasons which shall be hereafter related), she contented herself with the hope that a short time would enable her to join that lady in London: her character had, she flattered herself, been long established in the opinion of the discerning few, and though some eccentricities in her conduct were well known, yet her fortune, age, family, and talents, formed a sort of phalanx, which was almost impervious to the attack of slander; yet, notwithstanding all these sources of security, she felt sensibly the singularity of her situation; but having once determined to adopt our hero, was fixed in performing towards him the duty and attention of a parent. A court-martial had been held on the conduct of the two gentlemen, which terminated in permitting Captain Latimer to leave the corps, and an honourable acquittal to Lewisham, who, at the request of this kind protectress, dropped all thoughts of rejoining his regiment, and accordingly resigned his commission. Lord Newark, who had been suddenly taken ill on the day preceding that on which his lady was to have left London, still continued indisposed, while Clara and her companion endeavoured, by their attentions, to alleviate, as much as possible, the anxiety of his lady. The letters of Latimer were frequent, and filled with contrition for his late rashness, resolutions of future amendments, and high in hope of the speedy recovery of his friend, whom he expected to see in town in about a fortnight.

Miss Nutcombe, whose spleen against her fair cousin would still, in spite of the frequent rebuffs she had received, occasionally boil over, and who rejoiced in an opportunity of mortifying her, accidentally discovered or imagined she had discovered, the cause of her late indisposition; namely, her long suspected attachment to Captain Latimer; and she now, in the presence of Blanche, and the nurse, who attended her brother, began the attack in the following manner—"—And so, Miss Walsingham, I find the duel between Captain Latimer, and his friend, took place in consequence of a dispute about some demirep—a girl of the town?"—"Probably it might," said Clara, unwilling to aggravate her by opposition; "yet I am surprised how any one should discover it, as it is unlikely that they should themselves mention the origin of it." Blanche rose from her seat, and went to the window, pretending to be deeply engaged in repairing a fault she had commited in her netting—"Yes," continued Miss Nutcombe, without noticing her disorder, "I am told it was in consequence of Mr. Netterville's wishing to take off the girl whom the Captain had long maintained."—"Good Heavens!" sighed Blanche mentally, while tears of mortification and anguish rolled down her cheek, "how cruel and malicious is the world;" and she endeavoured, by averting her face, still to conceal her distress.—"The girl, it appears," said Miss Nutcombe, "had long been common to the whole regiment; but in this instance, given a marked preference to Mr. Netterville, Latimer struck him, and the consequence of this blow was the unfortunate duel in which Netterville had nearly lost his life—God defend us from the depravity of the age!" exclaimed she, piously raising her eyes to Heaven.—Clara shuddered, but answered, "I think I may almost venture to affirm, that there is not even a shadow of probability in this whole story, for it was only yesterday that Lady Newark assured me, that this affair had raised the character of Netterville in her estimation still higher than before."—"Good Heavens!" cried Miss Nutcombe, "what will become of us, when a lady of her rank, will condescend to uphold vice? No wonder our young men are so depraved!" Blanche

now turned towards them, unable any longer to be a silent listener, while Netterville was thus condemned without mercy, tears were in her eyes—"I madam," exclaimed she addressing Miss Nutcombe, will venture to affirm; that the unfortunate young woman who caused this dispute is as virtuous as yourself—as free from even the shadow of taint; and believe me, also, when I assure you, that this affair, if explained, would not, could not, fail to raise the character of Mr. Netterville in the estimation of every virtuous—every generous mind; I am acquainted with every particular, which I dare not divulge, having bound myself to a conditional secresy; but to Miss Walsingham I think myself at liberty to reveal every thing."—"Well, well," said the old lady "after all this fuss, I dare swear he is no Joseph; and as for Latimer, why, at the very time he came a courting to my niece, he kept a girl under her very nose." Clara looked disgustedly towards her aunt, and then turned an inquisitive eye on her friend, while Miss Nutcombe continued to observe that "he was no Joseph," while the nurse sagaciously replied, "that *Josephs* had been long out of fashion." "Yes, yes," retorted Miss Nutcombe, "they're out of fashion with a vengeance, and I dare swear there is scarcely a girl in England but would prefer one of these fellows to a man of sobriety and virtue."—"You will find great difficulty in persuading me of that, madam," said Clara, "for I should suppose, that every woman of principle would think morality an indispensible requisite; and, in a union like marriage, endeavour to meet with a virtuous companion."—"Miss, I beg your pardon," said Miss Nutcombe, interrupting her, "does not Mr. Pope say, "that every woman is at heart a rake," and then you know, "a reformed rake makes the best husband." "I hope, madam, at least, that you have no reason to subscribe to the observation of Mr. Pope, and that for the honour of your sex you will not assent to it; for my own part I am convinced that it is a gross and malicious slander; and as to a reformed rake's making a good husband, I should be unwilling to try him: if ever I marry, I hope Heaven will bless me with the affection of a man of integrity and honour—a man unhackneyed in the ways of vice, unused to the society of the degraded, and impure of my own sex."—"And you really think," said Miss Nutcombe, "that I shall believe you when you say you dislike a rake—what a perversion of taste, sentiment and delicacy!"—Clara looked astonished.—"Yes," continued Miss Nutcombe, "it must be a very great perversion of taste; for if a lady once receives the addresses of a novice in love, she takes upon herself the whole trouble of the courtship, and must consequently submit to the indelicacy of making the first advances." It was in vain our heroine saw to argue with a mind bent on contradiction, and with opinions at once gross and indelicate; so having made a signal to Blanche to follow her, she quitted the room, leaving Miss Nutcombe to finish the conversation at her leisure, with the nurse.—"O my dear Miss Walsingham," exclaimed Blanche, as soon as they were alone, "I cannot bear that even a shadow of suspicion should remain on your mind with regard to Mr. Netterville—behold before you the innocent cause of all this mischief—yes, it was for my sake the best of men had nearly been deprived of existence—it was for me he hazarded a life a thousand and a thousand times more precious than my own.—O God, had he been killed, it is impossible I could have survived him!" Overcome by a multitude of terrifying sensations, Clara now sunk into a chair, almost too much agitated to support herself; the tumultuous emotions which oppressed her heart precluded the possibility of speech; but that Netterville had forgotten her, and transferred his affections to the fortunate Blanche, appeared but too probable.—"Yes," sighed she mentally, "every thing convinces me of it—he would not, he could not have hazarded his life for an indifferent person—he would not have been so anxious for her safety—O God it is too much!" Blanche intirely occupied by the recollection of past scenes, noticed not this change in her friend; yet it was not until she had given her a clear and circumstantial account of every thing, that Clara could get the better of the agony which the idea of Lewisham's change of sentiments had caused in her mind. A mutual confidence now took place between these two young people; and the heart of Clara, intirely free from anxiety on her own account, rejoiced in the bright prospect which opened to her friend, over whose unfortunate story she shed many tears of compassion, and sympathy—and, at its conclusion, pressed the fair narrator to her bosom with emotions of the most lively and animated friendship. The following day Mr. Nutcombe being tolerable well, they determined to spend in Cavendish Square; and setting out early in the morning, took their places at the breakfast-table. Lord Newark was more cheerful than he had been for many days, and happiness appeared again to hover over this amiable family—for Mr. Mathuen had returned from Margate on the first intimation of his father's indisposition. About an hour before the time of dinner, the following letter was delivered to Lady Newark, which she read aloud:—

TO LADY NEWARK.

"*My dear Lady Newark*,

"I FLATTER myself that the necessity of my present situation will to you sufficiently plead my excuse for thus trespassing on your time and attention, and for the farther trouble I am about to give you—but the truth is, that Mr. Nugent is very ill, and I am advised to hasten with him to London, in hopes of receiving that benefit from medical advice, our situation here precludes us from the possibility of obtaining—break this information to Miss Nugent with caution; for my own part I make no profession of inconsolable affliction, well knowing, that if I sought to disguise my real sentiments from your Ladyship, I should only deserve your censure, and I am well assured that you will form a candid and generous estimation of my wishes and hopes.—Yet I will venture to affirm, that notwithstanding my original dislike to an union in which I was in a manner compelled, notwithstanding the subsequent ill treatment of Mr. Nugent, no heart of sensibility can witness his present sufferings without compassionating them.—He has been ill some time, and soon after the departure of Arabella, a kind of melancholy languor oppressed his spirits, which has been increasing ever since—his complaint is supposed to be an abscess in the liver, and I am taught to believe it can scarcely be expected to terminate favourably—Heaven send we may be mistaken!—I shall take the liberty of remaining with your ladyship until I can accommodate myself with a house, and shall be with you almost as soon as this letter.—I remain, with the highest respect and regard, your obliged and faithful

ADELIZA NUGENT."

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When *Cosmo de Medecis* was on his death-bed, one of his relations who was present, asked him *why he shut his eyes*, "*To use them to it*," replied he.

*For the Philadelphia Repository.*

AN

# ORATION

ON THE

# LOVE OF FAME,

*Delivered on the 6th of June*, 1804,

AT THE

Commencement in the University of Pennsylvania,

*BY JOHN M. HANCKEL, JUN.*

*LADIES AND GETLEMEN,*

OF the various subjects which present themselves for discussion on this occasion, that which has fallen to my lot, is THE LOVE OF FAME—a principle of action, which operates in the human breast under so many modifications, as justly to be entitled a universal passion. The brave are stimulated by it in the field, and the wise in council. No age, profession, or station, is exempted from its powerful influence. Under whatever form, however, this fascinating motive of human actions may appear, it is only when connected with *virtue* that its existence gives real dignity to the character. This position I shall endeavour to illustrate and establish, in the remaining part of my address, relying, during its progress, upon the honourable indulgence of your patient attention.

While man continues weak and necessitous, he will naturally look round for support and consolation under the various evils to which he is exposed. But where can he successfully seek for support, unless in the favor of heaven and the esteem and approbation of man? This desire of esteem must be as extensive as our necessities, and influence every being who is not perfectly happy in himself. Perhaps the universality of this passion might furnish an argument of no small weight in the favor of AMBITION, but I pass it by, that I may meet those, which lead to doubt its utility from its frequent perversion. I anxiously wish, (and as far as my weak endeavours will avail, they shall be exerted) to free it from this ill-founded objection, and to show that true glory is in every instance the reward only of *virtue*.

It is asserted that reputation is often sought and acquired by unworthy means, and by actions repugnant to our duty. But should this be admitted, it will only prove that the follies of men, sometimes lead them to pervert the noblest gifts of heaven. The reputation of conquerors has been often mentioned as an example of this. But let the cause of this seeming irregularity be duly examined. Courage, resolution, and fortitude were necessary to defend infant states in the early ages of the world, from the dangers incident to their situation. The little societies formed by uncivilized men for the purpose of defence, sought protection from the valor of their chieftain, or some one who had gained an influence by rendering himself useful to them: this protection was repaid by their esteem. When circumstances altered, and courage and skill were directed to their reviews, the unthinking multitude still continued to pay that tribute their merit had at first exacted. It was a task above their abilities, to separate from these qualities the ideas of *use*, with which they usually associated them. From this field therefore—of valor—even when no longer directed by justice, were reaped the laurels which have too often crowned the robbers and destroyers of mankind—laurels, which no longer protected by the shade of ignorance, now wither on their brows: and by the bright irradiations in the present age, we see the once great Alexander sunk to the level of a highwayman, and the imperial Cæsar branded with the appellation of a tyrant. But from this argument, allowing its full force, this obvious deduction must result, that to obtain the approbation of the majority of mankind, at least the *appearance* of use is necessary in our pursuits. But to be crowned with *unfading* laurels,—to have the loud trump of fame filled by the breath of the wise, the virtuous, and the good; and above all to enjoy that secret, but transporting happiness arising from conscious worth, *more* than a mere appearance is necessary—the real interest of mankind must be our sole guide: every action we perform for the benefit of our fellow creatures brings us one step nearer to the summit of true glory. To this let me add, that men estimate their reputation, not so much by the *number*, as the *quality* of their admirers. For the truth of this observation I appeal to daily experience. Think ye that the expert jugler feels half the joy at the empty applause of the gaping rout, that glows in the bosom of the virtuous hero, when he receives the sweet incense of praise from the wise and good?—an incense grateful to heaven itself—doubtless no: how absurd then are the pursuits of those who mistake admiration for applause, and conclude, because men stare at the novelty, they approve the performance. These would do well to consider that deformity is as much the object of wonder, as beauty—that a baleful comet has as many gazers, as the all-bounteous sun.

It will be needful to enumerate the various methods by which *fame* is improperly sought, from the want of this consideration a virtuoso has been known to feed himself with the imaginary applause of the public, on having finished his very important collection of—butterflies; and a belle, with the same propriety, to value herself on her equally important assemblage of—beaux. Many are the instances I might mention, in which the follies of men have dressed and pursued the phantom infamy in the angel-guise of fame. This too has been urged as an argument against the utility of ambition, but with how little reason will appear, when we compare the great number of those who are deterred from vice, by the fear of censure, with the few who are excited to it by the hope of applause. That we may reason the more fairly on this subject, let us suppose for a moment the actions of men unfluenced by this passion. Shall we not at the same instant strike at the root of science? Will not the beauteous tree of knowledge be prostrated on the earth? will not its luscious fruit be buried in the dust of ignorance? and will not the peaceful sons of science who reposed under its branches, be exposed to the bleak winds of penury and contempt? That these inconveniences would follow the extirpation of this passion, is evident from this consideration, that when glory ceases to excite the minds of men, there can remain but two motives to action, viz. self-interest, and the moral principle; neither of which enforce scientific research. On the contrary with the first it generally clashes: with the second its connection is too weak to determine to action. Thus for instance, what advantage could a man hope for, exclusive of reputation, by searching into the arcana of nature, by ascertaining the distances and magnitudes of the planets; or by investigating the progress of nature in the vegetable world? Nor do either of these motives induce us to pore over the dusty volumes of antiquity,—to transmit to posterity the transactions of the present age,—or give, by means of the polished marble, or animated touch of the pencil, the illustrious worthies of our own age, a portion of that eternity they so justly merit. Hence it follows, that without some other motive for their support, all physical knowledge—many

of the various branches of the mathematics, with poetry, painting, history, oratory, statuary, and every other art, not immediately necessary to our subsistence, would no longer be cultivated. What other motive shall we then seek, what but *the love of fame?* Yes—It is this passion that enables us to despise the low, the sordid views of interest, the groveling baits of sense. It is this that bids us surmount every obstacle, and pursue, without ceasing, the golden prize of fame. Who would trim the midnight lamp, and waste the morn of youth in the acquisition of knowledge, by which no passion can immediately be gratified, but for the hope of one day rising to the meridian of *fame*—of sitting in an ocean of glory; and shining thro' the dark veil of death, by the bright reflection of his former beams?

I might here tell you that titles, honors, crowns, and triumphs are the effects of this passion. I might corroborate this by the testimony of every celebrated author of antiquity, and not a few famous moderns: but this the narrow limits of my imperfect performance forbid. Nor is it necessary before an assembly so capable of supplying my omissions.—Should any yet doubt the truth of my assertions, let them look at the walls of Rome! let them see tributary kings kneeling at the feet of consuls! let them observe the arts by which a hundred of wanderers subdued a mighty world! Then let them confess that the hope of fame is the incentive to every noble action. No city, no state more carefully cultivated the love of glory, than Rome. Her heroes were not actuated by sordid views of interest. Pensions, wealth, and influence were not the objects of their pursuits.—To have their brows encircled with a branch of oak, accompanied by the applause of their countrymen, was the highest possible gratification of their ambition. A verdant twig was preferred to a golden fillet,—the civic to the mural crown—her soldiers demanded no pay—a brass medal was the reward of her generals—the pain of their wounds was assuaged by a triumphal procession—and the fear of death overcome by the prospect of future honors. For this the brave Decii rushed on the spears of their enemies.—For this the illustrious family of the Fabii, dared alone to oppose the power of a warlike nation, and to despise that death which was the consequence of their attempt.

It was laudable ambition that thundered in the eloquence of Cicero—It was the genius of true glory, that dictated the sentence of Brutus. Animated by the love of virtuous fame, see the hero Regulus despising all the tortures, and smiling at every cruelty which low revenge and barbarous rage could invent,

"Who sees him act, but envies every deed,
"Who hears him groan, and does not wish to bleed?"

I shall no longer trespass upon your benevolent indulgence than by endeavouring to point out as briefly as possible, in the remainder of my address, in what manner fame should be sought, and by what means alone true glory can be obtained.

I again assert, that the lovely goddess is so closely connected with the moral duties, that whoever attempts to woo her by trampling on these, will find, when he clasps his arms, the goddess flown, and loathsome infamy cinctured by his close embrace. A great example we have of this in Cyrus the celebrated Persian: by temperance, by labor, by an ardent love for his country, he mounted the craggy steep of fame; while justice directed his sword the shield of heaven was his guard, victory planted laurels on his brow, and by the loudest trumps of fame his praise was proclaimed through the admiring earth—But when the intemperate lust of dominion filled his soul,—when the wild desire of extending his empire made him forget the rights of humanity,—when he let slip the savage dogs of war, and bid the fierce Bellona drink the blood of the harmless Scythians,—when justice no longer guided his sword, the shield of heaven was withdrawn, victory turned her back—the laurels withered on his brow—and the hoarse clarion of infamy thundered thro' the astonished world—"Cyrus is captive to a woman!"

Let this—let the numberless other instances with which history is replete, convince us, that *virtue* is the only guide to fame, and that those who neglect her precepts, will either lose themselves on their journey—will die unlamented—or be justly doomed to everlasting contempt.

### CORRECT ORTHOGRAPHY.

When Dr. Lloyd, Bishop of Worcester, so eminent for his prophecies, by his solicitation and compliance at court, got translated from a poor Welsh bishopric to a rich English one, a reverend dean of the church said, that he found his brother Lloyd spelt *prophet* with an *f*.

*For the Philadelphia Repository.*

### OBSERVATIONS ON DISAPPOINTMENTS.

IN musing on various evils to which mankind are subject, I was led to consider, what is the cause of excessive trouble in disappointment. The effects are often obvious, and seriously affecting; but where is the origin, and how may these inconveniences be remedied?

The false estimates made of the value of things proposed to be acquired, and the indulgence of fond expectations which are inconsistent with reason, are certainly the principal causes of such mental disturbance.—In reflecting on the past, in examining the present, we are apt to feel more or less the imperfection of our bliss: we then naturally look forward for the enjoyment of something more satisfactory;—we fix upon an object, but often mistake a shadow for substance: we feel elevated with the pleasing idea; but at length the delusion vanishes from our view, and the towering fabric our imagination had raised without a foundation, tumbles into ruin. Such a shock in the mind has some resemblance to the breaking of a wheel in machinery,—the whole is, for a time, disorganized and unfit for service.

Now, as external things are known to be fluctuating and uncertain, it must be a mark of wisdom, to estimate their value in a just balance, with coolness and moderation. A disappointment then, would not be attended by misery;—it would be regarded with instruction and cheerful submission. Thus we should regulate our anticipation by what we have seen; and the mechanism of our minds would be preserved, even from transient disorder when our expectations are defeated.

EQUITUS.

### THE NEEDY AMBASSADOR.

WHEN queen Elizabeth first proposed to the famous civilian Dr. Dale, his being employed by her in Flanders, she, among other encouragements told him, that he should have twenty shillings a day for his expences. "*Then, madam,* (said he) *I will spend nineteen shillings a day.*" "And what will you do with the odd shilling?" replied the queen. *I will reserve that for my Kate, and for Tom and Dick;* meaning his wife and children. This induced the queen to enlarge his allowance.

During the Doctor's stay in Flanders, he once sent in a packet to the secretaries of state two letters, one to the queen, and the other to his wife; but that which was meant for the queen was superscribed, *To his dear wife;* and that for his wife, *To her most excellent majesty:* so that the queen having opened his letter, found it begining with *sweet-heart*, and afterwards read the expression *my dear* and *dear love*, acquainted her also with his condition and his want of money. It may readily be supposed that this mistake occasioned much mirth;—however, the Doctor obtained what he wanted, a supply of cash.

When upon the overtures of a peace, the other ambassadors came to propose in what language they should treat, the Spanish ambassador said the French was the most proper, because said he to Dr. Dale, your mistress calls herself queen of France. *Nay then*, said the Doctor, *let us treat in Hebrew, for your master calls himself King of Jerusalem.*

## ANGER.

*From* COGAN *on the Passions.*

THE symptoms which indicate a violent paroxysm of *anger*, as strongly indicate the excessive perturbation it occasions throughout the system. The fire flashing in the eyes, the redness of the countenance, the strong and agitated pulse, the wonderful increase of muscular strength for the instant, manifest that all the powers of nature are roused to the most voilent exertions. Anger acts as a stimulus of the most potent kind, upon the muscular, vascular, and nervous system. It is not surprising therefore, that its pathological effects should be numerous and alarming. Inflammatory and billous fevers, hærmorrhages, apoplexies, inflammation of the brain, mania, have arisen from the increased impetuosity it has given to the vascular system; as also sudden death either from ruptured vessels or the excess of its stimulating power upon the vital organs, particularly in plethoric and sanguineous temperaments. Palsies, epilepsies, aphonia, or loss of voice, diarrhœas, involution of the intestines, and those diseases which may be attributed to the excessive perturbation of the nervous system, or to exhausted strength, have too frequently succeeded its tremendous exertions. In short, as there is no passion so turbulent, so there is none so immediately dangerous as excessive anger.

### PROVOCATION UPON PROVOCATION.

A GENTLEMAN who went to visit some relatives in Ireland, previous to his departure determined never to fight a duel; and, though naturally irritable, resolved to suppress, if possible, every emotion of resentment. He arrived at Dublin in the evening, and went to the theatre, where two beautiful girls laid siege to his affections, and he invited them both to sup with him at his hotel on College Green. The repast (consisting of a fowl and cranberry tart) was scarcely placed upon the table, before the waiter informed him, that a *Solmun* was below stairs who called himself *Captain Mackavanagh*, and that he had sent up word, that the lady in the flowered tabbinet was a particular friend of his, and must be sent down to him *immadiately*, or he must measure swords with the *parson* who detained her. "The message is somewhat abrupt, (said the stranger), but if it must be so it *must;* Madam, I wish you a good night, permit me to accompany you to the door; and in your absence, this lady and I must console ourselves as well as we can for the loss of your agreeable society."

Five minutes had scarcely elapsed before the waiter repaired, and brought another message from the captain signifying, that the lady below stairs was miserable without her companion, who must come to her in no time at all at all. The stranger, much nettled at this abrupt and unexpected summons, hesitated; but his prudence corrected his anger, and he at length made his *conge* to his fair companion, and consented to eat his supper alone. This determination was not made many seconds, before the waiter entered with a third demand from the captain, the purport of which was, that, as one of the ladies longed for the broiled fowl, and the other for the cranberry tart, they must not be disappointed in their wishes, but both chicken and pie sent down to them. The gentleman, exceedingly enraged at this impudent requisition, swore most emphatically, "that he would not part with his supper on such terms for all the demi-reps and bullies from Cork to Antrim." But, recollecting the resolution he had made, he reluctantly consented to the whole being removed, called for a bason of water-gruel, eat it like a philosopher, and then went to bed. While he was at breakfast next morning, a fierce, raw-boned, colossal figure, with a great cockade in his hat, stalked into the room, and, without preface, thus addressed him, in a tone of denunciation: "My name Sir, is Mackavanagh, and I used you like a scoundrel last night."—"As you are pleased to say so, Sir, (replied the other) I shall not be so rude as to contradict you."—"Very well, (continued the captain) that point being settled, I must next inform you, that I am now come to *give you satisfaction;* and as you are a stranger, and may have no weapons, I have brought a pair of pistols, ready charged with a brace of bullets each, my dear; so the sooner we settle the affair the better." This was too much; they called a coach, and drove to Glassuevin, from whence the traveller returned with what his opponent called *the badge of a brave fellow!*—a ball in his left shoulder.

## ON HUMAN LEARNING.

AN EASTERN ANECDOTE.

DABSCHELIM, King of the Indies, possessed a library so large that it required an hundred Bramins to revise and keep it in order, and a thousand dromedaries to carry the books. As he had no intention to read all it contained, he commanded his Bramins to make extracts from it, for his use, of whatever they judged most valuable in any branch of literature. These Doctors immediately undertook to furnish an abridgement and after twenty years' labour composed from their several collections a small Encyclopedia, consisting of twelve thousand volumes, which thirty camels could scarcely carry. They had the honor to present this to the king, but were astonished to hear him say that he would not read a work which was a load for thirty camels. They then reduced their extracts so that they might be carried by fifteen, afterwards by ten, then by four, and then by two dromedaries. At last no more were left than were sufficient to load a mule of ordinary size. Unfortunately Dabschelim had grown old while his library was abridging and did not expect to live long enough to read to the end, this master-piece of learning. The sage Pilpay, his Visir, therefore thus addressed him:—Though I have but an imperfect knowledge of the library of your sublime Majesty, yet can I make a kind of analysis of what it contains, very short, but extremely useful—you may read it in a minute; yet will it afford you sufficient matter for meditating during your whole life.

At the same time, the Visir took the leaf of a palm tree, and wrote on it with a

pencil of gold, the four following maxims:

"In the greater part of sciences there is only this single word, *perhaps:*—in all history but three phrases—*they were born, they were wretched, and they died!*"

"Take pleasure in nothing which is not commendable, and do every thing you take pleasure in. Think nothing but what is true, and utter not all you think."

"O ye Kings! subdue your passions, reign over yourselves, and you will consider the government of the world only as a recreation! Oh, ye Kings! Oh, ye Nations! listen to a truth you never can hear too often, and of which sophists pretend to doubt—*there is no happiness without virtue, and no virtue without the fear of God!*"

## A NEW CONTRIVANCE.

LONDON, AUG. 4.

Yesterday about half past 11 o'clock, a carriage for the more rapid conveyance of troops was inspected. It consists of four strong boards, two long and two short ones, so joined together as to leave a hole in the middle for the soldiers, who sit on each side on the large boards, face to face, to put their feet down, and under which opening, at a proper distance below, a fifth board is suspended by means of four irons, strongly screwed to the seats above. This is all the apparatus and consequently it can be stowed away in a small space, (and is not liable for a great length of time to decay, or become unfit for use,) except two bars of wood, which pass under, and are screwed to the shorter seats, and project four or five inches beyond them at each end. These are for suspending it, by means of a strong hemp rope to the springs of a common post-chaise, hackney, or other coach carriage, the body being removed for that purpose. This is done by passing the rope twice round the seat end of the bar, and as many times through the eye or loop to which the body was before suspended, and passing it tight along to the other spring and bar on the same side, by which means the rope, passing from one spring to the other, serves as a support to the backs of the men, and prevents their being thrown off by any sudden jolt; and the more weight their is on the seat the tighter the rope draws. Two of those apparatus, mounted on common post-chaise carriages, with four horses and two postillions to each, were on the parade; on one of them thirteen privates and a serjeant of the Guards were seated, two before and two behind, with their feet outwards, and five on each side with their feet inwards; they had all their arms knapsacks, canteens and every marching accoutrements.

The Duke of YORK and Mr. PITT, most minutely examined every part of this carriage, and the position and degree of accommodating the men had therein; after which Mr. PITT distinguished himself by mounting on the other empty carriage, and seating himself with his back towards the horses, where he remained in conversation with those round the carriage for near ten minutes, discussing its different merits.

## MOORISH GRATITUDE.

AS a late emperor was once passing the river Beth on horseback, at a place where it falls into the Seboo, he was in iminent danger of being drowned, when one of the Negroes plunged into the stream, and saved his life, at the risque of his own. Having preserved his royal master, the slave showed marks of exultation at his good fortune. But Sede Mahomet drawing his sabre, with one blow almost severed his head from his body: exclaiming "here is an infidel, to suppose that God stood in need of his assistance to save a Sheriff's life."—The same magnanimous despot being once slightly reproached by a French consul for not performing a promise made him, answered, "takest thou me for an infidel, that I must be the slave of my word—know that it is in my power to say and unsay whatever and whenever I please."

# Philadelª, *Oct.* 6, 1804.

*Extract of a letter from a gentlemon in Hagars-town (Maryl.) to the editor dated Sept. 24, 1804.*

"IT has been very dul times with us, no business hardly at all doing, almost every person has been sick, scarcely a family has escaped, in some cases 15 or 16 were all down in one house; we know not what to call it, it has been by some called the yellow fever, and were it with you, it no doubt would be so, for, according to our population, the morrality has been as great frequently in one day, as it has been with you during the yellow fever; it has no yet ceased from making new victims."

*W. W. Woodward* has just received from London and is preparing for the press, "Letters on the Study and Use of ancient and modern History: containing observations and reflections on the causes and consequences of those events, which have produced conspicuous changes in the aspect of the world, and the general state of human affairs. By John England, author of "Reflections on the Resurrection and Ascention."

"————————Her ample page
Rich with the spoils of Time." *Gray.*

Mr. *Samuel Etheridge* of Charlestown (Mass.) has issued proposals for publishing "*Orton's Family Exposition of the Old Testament*," with devotional and practical reflections subjoined to each chapter, similar to Dr. Doddridge's Family Expositor.—The public may expect an elegant impression of this laborious research in the holy Scriptures, as from the press of Mr. E. several works recently published have done honor to the art of printing in New England.

### ELECTION!

On Tuesday next a general state election will be held for various public officers:—Present appearances indicate a ludicrous race on that day;—no less than three parties are to start, viz. the *federal republicans*, the *democratic republicans*, and the *tertium quids*. The history of the two former is well known, the latter is said to be the illegitimate offspring of political disappointment, struggling for a birthright.—It is hoped, however, that their several pretensions will not clash with the sacred rights of independent electors.

MARRIED—On the 25th ult. by Richard Palmer, esq. Mr *Claudius F. Legrand*, to Miss *Elizabeth Kitts*, both of this city.

—— On the 23d ult. by the Rev. Mr. Helfenstein, Mr. *John Kitts*, to Miss *Elizabeth Yeager*, all of this city.

—— On Tuesday evening last, by the Rev Dr. Rogers, Capt. *Jethro Myric*, to Miss *Rebecca Beckley*, all of this city.

DIED—On the 29th ult. in the 76th year of his age, *Michael Hillegas*, esq. one of the aldermen of this city.

—— On the 28th ult. in the 74th year of his age Mr, *John Knorr*, a respectable inhabitant of this city.

—— On Tuesday morning last of a lingering disease, Mr. *Henry Rice*, of the firm H. and P. Rice, booksellers of this city.

—— At New Bedford, the Rev. *Joseph Willard* D. D. L. L. D. President of Harvard university, aged 65.

*To Correspondents.*

"*Song*" by *Peter*—and "*The Scribler No. 20.*"—next week.

"*Thoughts on War*"—shall be inserted in the next number.

The third line of the 13th verse of *Juvenis'* production inserted in the poetic page of Saturday last, the author wishes to read thus—

"The pangs of parting throes of time."

☞ *The author's note to the editor respecting alterations in this piece, shall be inserted entire next week.*

*TERMS OF THE REPOSITORY.*

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# Temple of the Muses.

*For the Philadelphia Repository.*

## JUVENILE SCRAPS.—No. II.

### MORNING.

AURORA, "daughter of the dawn,"
Impearling with her dews the lawn,
Invites my youthful lyre to raise,
To her, the early song of praise,
Oh! if she would my breast inspire
With but one spark of sacred fire,—
Her praises in my verse should flow,
Her beauties in my numbers glow,
Till all beheld the picture shine,
And all confess'd the flame divine.
But, vain alas! the wish, to one
Who science's path has never known,
To lead him to Castalia's fount,
Or Muses on Parnassus' mount.
To nature's simple scenes confin'd,
These only warm his humble mind:
Of these he strives to sing and play;
And humble as the theme his lay,
Let not the letter'd sage disdain
The numbers of the rustic swain;
Since, artless as his life, his song
Must flow in artless strains along.
Aurora, lovely Matron fair,
As gently fann'd by cooling air,
Opening her purple, modest eyes,
Diffuses beauty through the skies.
Her blushing face the shepherds view,
As bath'd in aromatic dew;
And on their slender reeds they play
A welcome to the rising day:
While all their fleecy flocks around
Now gambol o'er the pearly ground,
Rejoic'd returning day to see,
Which gives new life and sportive glee;
The lambkins skip along the field
And to the morn a tribute yield,
As far as instinct knows to raise
The tributary voice of praise.
Yea, all around me (it appears)
Creation's face a gladness wears;
And nature's various children pay
Their homage to the Source of day.
The plumy people of the groves
Now warbling forth their little loves,
As they enjoy the balmy breeze,
Make vocal with their songs the trees.
The tenants of the verdant meads,
Arising from their humble beds,
Behold the morn with gladden'd eyes,
And with hoarse notes salute the skies.
The fiery steed from slumber starts,
Quick from his fellow-sporters parts,
Rolls his read eyeballs tow'rd the east,
Throws his proud chin upon his chest,
Upkicks his heels in frolic sports,
And thund'ring o'er the plain he snorts;
While the young colt at distance views,
And imitating him pursues.
Calves, too, the matin hours employ
To emulate each other's joy:
Fond by their mothers' sides they play,
Gay—frisking in the genial ray.
"The cock's shrill clarion," o'er the lawn,
Proclaims afar the rising dawn;
He claps his wings, and crows again;
The clarion echoes o'er the plain:
With louder notes, and shriller voice,
The answering geese send back their noise;
While vales and hills and rocks around,
And Delaware return the sound.
The brood domestic all combine,
And in the gen'ral anthem join;
As if one *grateful* spirit ran
Through all creation, up to man;
For life and all the good bestow'd
On Nature all, by Nature's GOD.
'Tis Music's lore, and answers well
To harmony's divided scale,
When reason lists—the bass we hear,
Majestic on th' unfolding ear;
The tenor next, in clearest notes,
From woods and hedges gently floats;
Then comes the counter, shrill and loud,
That echoes to the morning cloud;
And last, the pleasing treble moves
From the gay songsters of the groves.
'Tis Music's lore, 'tis Nature's voice,
Expressive of Creation's joys,
More grateful to the thinking mind,
Than all art's melody refin'd,
Who, then, in sleep's soft bed would lie,
While varied anthems fill the sky?
Who lose the morning's lovely ray,
And sweetness of the early day?
Ye sons of ease and sloth awake,
And slumber's downy couch forsake;
The morn from soft repose invites,
By all her beauties and delights.
Let not the animals, design'd
For pleasures of inferior kind,
Surpass, in praise, creation's lord,
For whom alone this earth is stor'd
With gifts and blessings from above,
By the great Source of bliss and love:
They rank but in a state supine,
Man's destination is divine;
Hence should his life accordant be,
And worthy of his high degree.
Enwrapt in sleep the rustic lies,
Till rural sounds bid him arise,
Now, borne upon the yielding air,
His charge he hears, his rural care—
The bleating flocks, the lowing herd,
The clatt'ring hoof, the morning bird.
With health and sweetest slumbers blest,
Instant he springs from balmy rest;
And gazing on th' empurpled sky,
Wafts grateful orisons on high,
To the great Lord of life and death,
Whose mercy kept his sleeping breath;
And thro' whose providence alone,
Health, peace and plenty are his own.
When now refresh'd by nectar'd pyes,
Forth to the fragrant field he hies;
And, to divert the lonely way,
He chaunts the merry roundelay.
With joy and vigor, on he goes,
He feels no trouble, cares nor woes;
His ears are charm'd with nature's songs,
The music of a thousand tongues;
His willing steeds before him go,
And join contentedly the plough.
Thrice happy man! O! were it mine
To be but in a state like thine!
There, free from all the noise of town,
(As in a kingdom of my own)
I all my days in bliss would spend,
Till Heav'n should please my life to end—
—— But, soft!—I see the car of day:
Cease, then, my youthful morning lay.

JUNIO.

*Errata in No. I.*

In line 11 of first paragraph, for *fame* read *those*.—In line 2d of 2d par. for *for* read *to*.—In line 16 of 4th par. for *ev'ry* read *even*.

### THE BACHELOR.

THE dry, dull Bachelor, surveys
Alternate joyless nights and lonesome days;
No tender transports wake his sullen breast,
No soft endearments lull his cares to rest;
Stupidly free from nature's dearest ties,
Lost on his own sad self he lives and dies.
Not so the man, to whom indulgent Heaven,
That tender bosom friend a WIFE, has given;
Him blest in her kind arms, no fears dismay,
No secret checks of guilt his joys allay.
No husband wrong'd, no virgin's honour spoil'd,
No tender parent weeps his ruin'd child,
No discontent, nor false embrace is here,
The joys are safe, the raptures are sincere,
Does fortune smile, how grateful must it prove
To tread life's pleasing round with one we love;
Or doth it frown, with one whose pleasing art,
Will ease your woe, and bear a willing part.